

Intercept

NO. 19

(Special Despatch to The Tribune)
AFTER THE DEVASTATION.

FIRST NATIONAL O. K.

THE SALAM ANDERS.

LIST OF LOSSES.

AN FYE WIFNLS.

ONLY ONE LEAF.

A Mammoth Hotel for Fargo.

Time to Commence Praying

"Divvy."

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)

Calling on Mrs. Custer, a few days since,

Another article of interest, though not in the library at Fort Lincoln, is the table on which was signed the terms of surrender by Gen. Lee, in the late rebellion. It is only a small pine table, stained. The drawer has been taken out and placed in trunk in case of fire, so that some part might be saved. It was presented by Gen. Meridian to Mrs. Custer, also the flag of peace. The articles have been arranged nearly the same as possible as when used in the library at Ft. Lincoln.

ON THE CHANNEL-BOAT.

OFF CALAIS, MAY, 1879—BY G. L. C.

"What! Fred, you here? I didn't see you come aboard at Dover. I met the Browns last week; they said that you were coming over, but didn't say how soon."

"Oh yes, I came by the Britannic; and what a rush there was for berths! I was almost like a pauc. I'm mighty glad to meet you, Will; where are you going?"

"Paris." "Good! so am I. I've got to meet my cousin, Charley Harris, to-morrow. He and I have planned a little trip together through Switzerland on foot; I hope we'll have some decent weather."

"Take care there! hold your hat; it blows." "Yes; how this steamer tosses! I'm never seasick; Charley is. Though, every time he crosses. Who's with you, Will?"

"I'm traveling with my sister and my mother; they're both below. I came on deck; it's close enough to smother down there. These chaps don't care a snap for ventilation, hang 'em! Where did you stop in London? We were stopping at the Langham."

"You were? Why, so was I. But then I only got there Sunday at breakfast time, and went away the afternoon of Monday. And yet within that short sojourn I lost my heart completely. Such style! such eyes! such rosy cheeks! Such lips that smiled so sweetly! I only saw her twice, and then—Don't laugh—'twas at a distance; but, Will, my boy, I tell you what, in all my best existence I never before set eyes upon a girl so real y splendid. But, pshaw! I couldn't stay, and so my short-lived visions ended. I don't suppose she'll ever know how I, a stranger, love her."

"Who was she, Fred?" "Ah! that's just it; I couldn't even discover her name, or anything at all about her. Broken-hearted, I saw it was not any use to try; so off I started. And here I am, disconsolate."

"All for an unknown charmer! You're soft, my boy. Let's stroll abaft; the sea is growing calmer; or forward, if you like. The view may make your feelings rally. We're dra wing near to France, in half an hour shall be at Calais. See! there's the town, and just this side the port with shipping in it; And there, beyond, you see the spires, and—"

"Here, Will, stop a minute. By jove! look there! that girl in gray, with red flowers in her bonnet! I do declare—I—yes—it's she; I'd take my oath upon it. What luck! if I had only known! How can it be I missed her? Look! here she comes!"

"Why, Fred, you fool! That girl in gray's my sister!"

GEN. JOSEPH LANE.

An Autobiographical Sketch of the Veteran Soldier and Senator.

The following letter from Gen. Joseph Lane appears in the *Charlotte, N. C., Observer*. It is dated at Roseburg, Oregon, July 17, 1879, and is addressed to a lady friend and relative at Charlotte.

DEAR MADAM—Your letter of the 21st ult. has been received. I thank you for it, and would have answered ere this but for a press of business that could not be delayed.

I am the grandson of Jesse Lane, one of the three brothers mentioned in your letter, who lived where Raleigh now stands. The three brothers were born near where they lived away back in colonial times; were clever, intelligent, old-style gentlemen, and did good service in the war of the Revolution. My father, John Lane, entered the army while quite young, just in time to be in the battle of King's Mountain, and remained in the army until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He voted for George Washington the second term, North Carolina having adopted the constitution after his first election; he then voted for John Adams, first and only term, then for Jefferson, two terms, then for Madison, for Monroe, Jackson, etc.

My father and uncle, Charles Lane, settled in Buncombe in 1795, where they spent money, time and much labor in an effort to establish iron-works near where Asheville now stands, but failed to accomplish their object.

In 1798 my father, then about 40 years old, married my mother, Elizabeth Street. I am the second son, and was born in Buncombe, within four miles of Asheville, on the 14th of December, 1801. In 1804 my father left Buncombe for Henderson county, Ky., where I was raised. I married young, raised ten children—six sons and four daughters—all now living but one, a son, who died of cholera in New Orleans, in December, 1848. The others are living in this state, all married but one, to-wit: Col. John Lane, a graduate of West Point, who resigned at the commencement of the late civil war, joined the Southern army, came out at the end of the war badly whipped, and returned to Oregon.

My life has been an eventful one. I was elected to the legislature of Indiana in 1838 from the counties of Vanderburg and Warw ck, where I had settled some years before, and continued to serve in the State legislature off and on until '46, when I resigned a seat in the Senate and entered the army then being organized for the war with Mexico; soon raised from the position of private to that of brigadier, and came out of service at the close of the war a major-general. My first battle, Buena Vista, was under Taylor, then transferred to Scott's line, and saw and helped to fight as many, if not more, battles than any officer of that war. Very soon after peace was made with Mexico I was appointed by Mr. Polk, then President, governor of Oregon territory and ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs. The trip to reach my post of duty had to be made across the plains

in the winter, a feat that had not before then been accomplished. But I had at the request of Mr. Polk undertaken the journey, and with hurried preparations an escort of twenty men, under Lieut. Hawkins, left Fort Leavenworth on the 10th day of September, 1848, and after a hard struggle arrived at Oregon City on the 2d of March, 1849, and on that day issued a proclamation making known that the laws of the United States, by act of Congress, had been extended over the territory of Oregon; that I had been duly elected governor, had taken the oath of office and had entered upon the duties thereof. Well, I continued in office, attended to the interests of the good people, and also to the Indian affairs, brought the murderers of our people, Chief Tilokite and four of his braves, to trial and the gallows, had several fights with different tribes, came near being killed, was very badly wounded, placed relations on a good footing with all the tribes, and in 1851 was elected delegate to Congress; was four times elected delegate, and then elected one of Oregon's first United States Senators; retired from the Senate in 1861. In 1870, on the 16th of August, my good and beloved wife died. Since then lived alone on my ranch in the mountains, twelve miles from this place, until now. I have just finished a neat little home, where I think I shall spend my days unto the end. I am in a quiet part of our town near some of my children, with whom I shall take my meals, and still live alone in my pleasant little home. My son Lafayette, who represented this state in the Forty fourth Congress, lives near my house; he is the youngest of my ten children, a good lawyer and kind son.

And now, returning to the old family: I visited in 1860, North Carolina, and my father's birth-place, the old home of my grandfather, four miles from Raleigh. In Raleigh I visited the house in which Joel Lane lived at the time he deeded as a present to the state 640 acres of land, on which the city now stands; called at the state-house, where the records are kept, to look at the deed of conveyance; saw many relatives, and spent several days with my cousin, David L. Swain, at Chapel Hill, and learned much about our family, and intended to visit Buncombe, but did not. Had I carried out my programme I might have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing you.

Of my grandfather's family there were eight sons and eight daughters. My aunts married gentlemen named respectively as follows: Rhoda was married to Rakestraw, Patience to John Hart, Rebecca to Lucky, Sally and Polly to brothers named Kilpatrick, Winnifred to Rogers, Elizabeth to Parson Montgomery, and your grandmother, Carrie, married David Lowrie. My father and Uncle John Hart, Matt. Barber and one other gentleman, whose name I forget, and Uncle Lowry, were in pursuit of Indians who had been stealing and robbing the outside settlers, and all five were good Indian fighters—venturing too far were attacked by a large party of warriors. Barber, Lowry and the other, after hard fighting, were killed; my father and Hart made good their escape. Sometime after Aunt Carrie married Swain, whose son, David L. Swain, I had corresponded with for many years before I made his acquaintance at Chapel Hill, as above mentioned. All the eight sisters were noble, good and true women. I often saw your grandmother, but was too young to remember her. Gov. Swain often spoke of her with much love and respect, and esteemed her one of the best mothers and most lovable of women.

The eight sons of my grandfather were named as follows: Charles, Joel, Jonathan, Simon, John, Richard, Joseph and Jessie. Gov. Colquitt of Georgia is the son of the daughter of my Uncle Jo. Lane. I met him in Mexico and served with him in Congress. My grandfather moved from Georgia to Illinois when he was 84 years of age, and killed many buffaloes in that then new and uninhabited country. He died at 88. I know but little of the whereabouts of many of my cousins. They are scattered over the Southern States.

HAIR OF THE PRESIDENTS.

An Interesting Collection in the Patent Office at Washington.

In the Patent Office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the Government and those who administered its affairs in time gone by. While examining some of those objects of curiosity nothing struck us so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair, taken from the heads of Chief Magistrates, from Washington down to Pierce, secured in a frame covered with glass. Here, in fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance. That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though perhaps a little coarser. The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse and a mixed white and dark. The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any mixture. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse and a yellowish-gray in color.

The hair of Gen. Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of Gen. Harrison is a fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of Gen. Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Filmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he has a plentiful crop.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that since Pierce's time no one has thought of preserving the hair of his successors. There are vacancies in the case, but there is no hair either of Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, or Grant, for the inspection of futurity.

Ireneus, Eve and the Virgin Mary.

British Quarterly Review.

In regard to the interpretation of the Old Testament, it must be admitted that, in accordance with the custom of his times, Ireneus gave the reins to his imagination, indulging in the most unconstrained observation of analogies to Christian doctrines. And for this he adduces the authority of the ancient presbyter he so often quotes. From him he learned not to reproach the patriarchs and prophets with those sins for which the Scriptures reproves them, for they were remitted by the advent of Christ, while in regard to those which the Scriptures only mention, but do not blame, we should not impute sin, but seek a type, for none of these are idly told, or without some spiritual significance. The wonder is that when his adversaries sought to establish their views by arbitrary allegorical interpretations, he did not see that in indulging himself in such interpretations, which were also arbitrary, he was not helping rather than opposing them. To one of his analogies we shall advert particularly, as has been recently supposed to present something foreshadowing the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. We mean the analogy between the circumstances of Eve's temptation and cum annunciation of the Virgin Mary. Ireneus was not singular in his day in observing this analogy, which is in some respects so obvious, that it is at all times been noticed even by those who have failed to perceive any special doctrinal significance in it. We shall translate the words of Ireneus as nearly as we can from the edition of the *Jesuit Equardent*:

"When the Lord was coming to his own, His own creature bearing Him which was borne by Himself, and was making a recapitulation of that disobedience, which was in respect to a tree by that obedience which was on the tree, that seduction being undone by which the Virgin Eve, already destined to a husband, was ill-seduced, the Virgin Mary, already betrothed to a husband, was well evangelized through the truth by an angel. For as the one was seduced by the discourse of an angel, that she might get rid of God, going contrary to his word so the other, by the discourse of an angel was evangelized, that she might bear God, being obedient to his word. And as the one was seduced that she might get rid of God, so the other was persuaded to obey God of the Virgin Eve the Virgin Mary might become the advocate, (no doubt, parakletos, counselor, is meant; and as the human race was bound to death by means of a virgin, so by means of a virgin it might be loosed, virginal disobedience being balancing an even scale by virginal obedience. For the sin heretofore of the first created was receiving emendation by the chastisement of the first begotten, the wisdom of the serpent being vanquished in the simplicity of the dove, while the bonds were united by which we were bound to death." The same analogy is drawn out less concisely in iii.33. There are, however, a few differences. The assumption that Eve was a virgin at the time of the fall is there justified by another pure assumption, that the newly-formed couple were as yet immature. The Virgin Mary, by her obedience, became a cause of salvation, as Eve, by disobedience, became a cause of death. The obedience, however, is represented as a consequence of predestination, which has a clang of Calvinism about it which seems strange in so great an advocate of free will as our author was. God predestinated the animal man first, to wit, that he might be saved by the spiritual man. As the Saviour pre-existed, it behooved that what might be saved should be created, that the word Saviour should not be void of meaning. Consequently the Virgin Mary is found obedient, saying, "Be it unto me according to my word." This seems to negative the idea of any merit on her part. If she is said to have loosed through faith what Eve had bound through unbelief, the way in which the untying of the knot is explained implies that Mary was herself entangled in the knot in a manner quite inconsistent with the notion in reference to which the analogy is relied on. The recoiling back of Mary upon Eve is fancifully illustrated by the loosing of what is tied into a knot. This can only be effected by the turning back of one of the fastenings into another, whereby there is a loosening of the knotted cords. Mary must therefore have been herself entangled in the knot untied by her being turned back upon Eve.

When Payne, the author of "Homes Sweet Home," returned to Boston after a long absence in Europe he called upon a lady, an old school-mate, who said, "Mr. Payne, don't you find Boston much changed?" "Yes madam," he answered, "very much—I receive many invitations to attend church, and very few to dinner."

When he paid a heavy bill at the milliner's for spring bonnets, silks, and laces, he groaned: "There's a woman at the bought 'em of this?"

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From Bryant's Centennial Poem at Cum-
ington.]

A century since, unbroken wood
O'er all these hills and valleys stood.
Save here and there a sunny spot,
Where the first settler's hands had made
An opening in the boundless shade,
And reared his solitary cot,
Soon changed the scene; soon opened wide
Green pastures on the mountain side;
Where the fierce panther, wolf and bear,
Through countless years had kept their lair,
Sleek herds of kine and flocks of sheep
Cropped the fresh herbage of the steep,
And tasseled maize and wheat and rye
Grew rank beneath the kindly sky,
Where once slow creeping glaciers' passed
Resistless o'er the frozen waste.
Deep-rooted in the virgin mould,
The dower of centuries untold,
Broad orchards clothed in radiant bloom,
Filled the wide air with rich perfume,
And when the genial Autumn came,
And maple boughs were red like flame,
And all the giants of the wood,
In robes of princely beauty stood,
Earth's pientous fruits were gathered in,
With grateful hearts and joyous din,
Ah, what intrepid souls were they,
Who cleared those trackless woods away!
What tireless sinews, bone and brawn,
That smote the trees from early dawn
Till daylight's latest rays were gone!
No whining eight-hour men were they,
Who feared the chill of early day;
They kept the pinch of want away
With industry and watchful care,
Till these had brought them generous fare
Else had those mighty forest trees
Still stood to buffet storm and breeze.

Ah, those were jolly roistering days,
When strong men piled the logs on high,
And billows smoke and towering blaze
Shone grandly on the evening sky.
And jibes went round and merry jest,
As the stout laborer took their rest
At luncheon hour in some shady nook
Hard by a fountain or a brook,
And when, within an eddying pool,
Brown net was laid to keep her cool,
And when, around the cabin door,
They gathered at the twilight hour,
What wondrous tales those woodmen told,
Of fights with bears and panthers bold,
All in a strain of reckless glee,
Well garnished with hyperbole;
Each one the hero of his story,
Self-crowned with daring deeds and glory
On holidays the boys and men
Had games and sports athletic then;
Our wrestlers did not fear to meet
Of neighboring towns then picked athlete,
And by superior strength and knack,
Off laid the champion on his back,
Our youth were agile, true and tall,
Could catch with skill the flying ball,
And clear the circle round, as fleet
Almost, as wild deer's nimble feet.
Then, when the seventh day's setting sun
Told that the long week's toil was done,
Hushed in deep stillness was the hour,
As if some overruling power
Had sent through all the waiting land,
A stern and absolute command,
That worldly toil and noise should cease,
And man and beast find rest and peace,
And when the first day's morning rose
The solemn silence and repose
Still brooded on till daylight's close.
The law of stern opinion then
He did not grasp the ways of men,
He kept in check the restless boys
Who Sundays long did play and noise,
And keenly felt the close restraint,
But did not try to make complaint.
A lad once, bolder than the rest,
Thus to his mother's throat confessed:
"You know, Mother, it is Sunday day,
That is no law but is Sunday day,
For Sunday's the time when I like
To be days of weariness and fear,
Yet those old shies were of the stock
That I had upon Pymouth Rock,
Who deep and proud foundations laid,
And panted like the tree, whose shade
Sheltered a people great and free,
That glorious tree of liberty,
Whose branches stretch from sea to sea."

Those were not days of face and silk,
Of silver spoons and dainties rare,
But homely spun clothes, brown bread and
milk,
In pewter dish and wooden ware;
And pork and beans for Sunday fare;
Bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold,
E'en sometimes more than nine days old.
Waited the tiller of the soil
Returning from his daily toil
Rude were the dwellings of that day,
Log cabins daubed with moistened clay.
The scanty roof with many a chink,
Through which the stars are seen to blink,
And whence, in winter storms, the snow
Was sifted on the floor below.
The broad, deep fire, of maple wood,
Was piled with logs of winter come;
When the keen frosts of winter came,
Slow chimed at first the smoke wreath's blue,
Then, bursting into tongues of flame
Went roaring up the chimney flue,
And, through long, dear winter night,
Over the dull hours with warmth and light,
Round their proud mothers' fire to see,
Like saplings' growth a shifting tree,
Stood ruddy children, nine or ten,
Soon to be maidens, dames and men,
Examples worthy of all praise,
But rarely followed in these days.
And shall the race of Saxon blood,
That hand-ship, cold and storm withstood,
And tamed the wide west, now melt
Away before the advancing cell?
These heeds, subdued by hands so free,
Pay tribute to the Roman Sea?
Kind heaven forbid that this should be.

La Love, with a Car Driver.

Journeys and in lovers' meeting
Every wise man's son doth know.
At least so says the wisest of all wise
men's sons, and who can dispute his
word in a question of love? Certainly it
is not for the modest reporter describing
the courtship and marriage of a New York
belle and a sixth avenue horse-driver to
deny the ex cathedra utterances of Avon's
bard. Nor is there anything in the circum-
stances of the following story to warrant
an appeal from his decision. It begins
with a journey in a sixth avenue horse-
car, which led to Miss Clarence Treadwell
meeting her fate in the glances of Denis
McQuinn. It continues with his journey to
his maternal house, her journey to the
dwelling of a rival, and the post-nuptial
journey of Chaucer and her husband to
Philadelphia. The last journey was the re-
turn of the newly-wedded couple from Phila-
delphia to a seventh avenue tene-
ment-house, where they are likely to re-
main for some time to come unless a rail-
road ticket for the west changes the plans.
It was in the early fall of last year,
while yet the weather was so balmy and
pleasant, and the doors of the street-car
were kept continually open, that Miss
Treadwell, who only the previous sum-
mer had graduated from one of the most
fashionable ladies' seminaries, and a few
weeks thereafter made quite a furore as
the bridesmaid of a lady friend, was
watched by the brilliant eyes of Denis

McQuinn. Seated in the centre of the
car she first felt their influence, and
moving toward the front door she sat down
by the open window, where she could
command a better view of her charmer.
But no good driver turns around at hap-
hazard. Attention must be paid to his
horses, and Denis was a model driver. So
for blocks and blocks his victim rode on,
remaining quietly seated until at last a
mere incident, the calling of the conduc-
tor, caused him to turn. Then his eyes
again met those of the passenger, whose
first impression was confirmed. Her sec-
ond view of the fellow's lustrous orbs
only increased her secret longing to know
more of their possessor.

Any one who saw the young lady at
the moment McQuinn, unawares that he
had become an object of close scrutiny
once more fixed his glance immovably on
his horses, might have seen her pull out of
her pocket-book a tiny silver-headed pen-
cil, and, glancing furtively around, as if
afraid that some one was watching her,
put down the number of the car in a small
memorandum book. Then, satisfied that
all was right, and the front door being
happily open, she lightly tapped the
driver on the shoulder and asked him to
stop at the next corner. Once more she
had a chance to look into those eyes that
had enthralled her heart. And leaving
the car by the front platform, she did not
fail to scan them for the last time as
Denis started the horses on again.

The conflicting emotions that racked
that bright young soul the night follow-
ing this eventful meeting may not be de-
scribed by reportorial pen. Miss Tread-
well, be it remembered, was not of the
giddy class of young women who love
to flirt for flirtation's sake. Neither was
she an ignorant, untutored maiden, in-
capable of measuring the consequences that
might follow her infatuation. She
knew full well that her sisters and her
cousins and her aunts, to say nothing of
her uncles and other relatives and friends
would discard her at the first intimation
that she meditated a union that would
lower her social standing. But still those
fatal eyes haunted her before and during
the hours of sleep, and reappeared with
all their original power even when the
bright sunlight of the morning streamed
into her handsomely furnished room.
There was no happiness for her without
the actual presence of those bewitching
eyes. Her resolve was soon taken. She
would take daily rides on that identical
car. Indeed, had she not taken the num-
ber for that purpose on the previous day?
And so she hurried forth, walking for a
long time up and down Sixth avenue,
waiting the arrival of the car. But Denis
was discovered before the number could
be seen. He stopped and she entered,
accidentally, of course, by the front plat-
form. The driver seemed to recognize
her, but maintained his stolid indiffer-
ence. On she rode, way down to Vesey
street terminus, and then, paying the con-
ductor a second fare, she said she had
made a mistake and intended to stop
some where along the avenue.

Watching her opportunity, the front
door being still open, and while the con-
ductor was talking to some one on the
rear platform, she approached the driver
and, to the latter's astonishment, told him
that she wanted to see him at her home.
The poor fellow, utterly nonplussed at be-
ing addressed by a handsome lady and
requested to call upon her at her house,
did not know what to think. But hand-
ing him a slip of paper on which her
name and address were written in full,
she said: "Now, don't forget; I must
see you this afternoon."

Arriving at the depot, Denis pleaded
ill-health and asked to be replaced till
morning by another driver—a request
readily granted by the starter. Wonder-
ing what a lady residing with her pa-
rents in a prominent up-town hotel could
want of him, McQuinn put on his best
suit and soon reached the proper address.
The young lady was waiting for him.
Indeed, time was precious, as the hour
for papa's returning from business was
rapidly approaching. Her story was
soon told to the bewildered driver. She
wanted to marry him and back in the
sunshine of his eyes, which were almost
divine to her. His objection, however,
was not so easily disposed of.

"I am already engaged to a young woman
employed in a west side hotel," he said.

"Do you love her?" was the rejoinder,
and the hesitating driver was captured
before he could say another word. "I'll
see her and make her give up the engage-
ment," as Miss Treadwell's ready solu-
tion of this difficulty.

It was not so easy an accomplishment as
Miss Treadwell imagined, and as the se-
quel will show. Obtaining the young
woman's address she dismissed the ob-
ject of her love, first, as a matter of course,
arranging to meet him again. A note
as quickly dispatched to the hotel where
the fiancée was employed, and the latter
not knowing what the nature of the busi-
ness could be, presented herself at Miss
Treadwell's domicile the next morning.
Without further ado the latter unfolded
her plans, saying that she was deter-
mined to marry the sixth avenue horse-
car driver.

But you never saw all," exclaimed Mar-
garet, in a rage; "you ought to be
ashamed of yourself to try to take him
from me."

Words can hardly describe the scene
of passion and pleading that followed,
and the first interview ended any way but
satisfactorily to Miss Treadwell. Days
and weeks elapsed when, at last, with the
aid of Denis McQuinn himself, she en-
deavored to pacify the enraged Margaret.
But all to no purpose, until at last he
himself settled the question by renounc-
ing her and giving his hand and heart to
the new love.

All this, to Margaret's credit be it said,
was kept a secret from the Treadwell
family, and it was only after the driver
and his young bride had reached Phila-

delphia that the word was sent to the
distressed parents.

A car driver's funds are never very
large, and the honeymoon was not very
protracted. The young man's presence
among the young lady's acquaintances
shortly after, was for the purpose of re-
conciling the old folks to their daughter's
match, and his good looks, it is said, have
done much toward accomplishing that
end. Still peace has not been fully re-
established in the Treadwell family circle,
and, while efforts are progressing toward
reaching this result, the driver's bride
occupies the second floor of a Seventh
avenue tenement house, and there daily
waits for those small hours when the
driver's attention may be diverted from
his business to his wife.

Under The Crust.

The reporter was passing down North
Commercial street, last evening, looking
out, as usual, for bits of news. Across
the street, sitting on the edge of the side-
walk, with tattered dress, bare head and
shoeless feet, was a little girl about nine
years old, crying as though her heart
would break if the bitter tears did not
overflow. Attracted by anything unusual,
the reporter paused a moment, in doubt
whether to go to her or not. But in that
brief lapse of time entered another man
upon the stage, and his coming, as it
proved, rendered the scene all the more
complete. His face, eyes, garments, be-
came the drunkard—one who thirsted
after drink, and whose lips were always
parched. Rough looking though he
was, a close observer might detect a some-
thing that bore a faint resemblance to
the man he used to be. Staggering
along, scarcely able to keep on the walk,
he approached the spot where sat the
child. His dull ears caught the sound of
sobs, his footsteps were arrested, and fix-
ing his eyes on the still weeping girl, he
reeled toward her side, bent over her, and
with thick tongue asked why she wept.
The reporter stood near, and watched the
contact of these two wretched beings
with no little interest. In answer to that
rough man's inquiry the child replied
that her mother had driven her out of
home—had followed her with curses and
blows out of the only door that had ever
opened to her, and that she was afraid to
go back.

"Have you a father?" he asked.
"No, sir; but, oh! I wished papa was
here; he was so good and kind!"

"When did he die?"

"A good while ago, sir; and mother
says he died a drunkard; but he was al-
ways kind to me, and I loved him."

What was there in that child's voice
that moved this man to sobriety? He
sat down at her side, put
around her his great strong arm, pressed
her pinched face to his breast, and who
can tell what he thought or what he suf-
fered as the seething tears burst from
his eyes and rolled down his bloated
cheeks? He treated that feeble girl with
all tenderness, he reeled no more; her
story had restored the man within him.
His home was on the Burlington, Cedar
Rapids and Northern railway. He was
a farmer, but his love for liquor
had ruined his body, absorbed his prop-
erty, and his own wife and little ones
were to-day in as destitute circumstances
as the child he sat beside.

"Died a Drunkard!" Who can tell
with what a saving weight those fell up-
on his ears, or how far that poor wail's
influence is gone toward his redemption!
He took the child across the street to a
bakery, and saw that she was fed. He
gave her some pieces of silver for future
use and then was seen to recross the street
and go with the girl toward her home.
The reporter was willing to grant that
with such a mediator, reconciliation
would surely follow, and, more than this,
he felt sure that that angel in that
man was so much larger and naturally
stronger than the evil one, that some ho-
ly influences would yet combine to save
him. Nobility of heart and soul belongs
to God, wherever it may be found; and
it is frequently discovered just under the
crust.

How the Women Were Saved at Beaufort.

A Beaufort (N. C.) correspondent of
the New York Herald furnishes an ac-
count of the saving of the female guests
of the Atlantic Hotel, in that town, which
was entirely destroyed by the recent great
storm. At five o'clock in the morning
the guests commenced to leave the
doomed building, and at that time the
bridge connecting the hotel with the bil-
lard-room was a wreck, the waves beat-
ing from two to three feet above the walk.
The male guests, with the help of the
good citizens of the town, secured the
walk with ropes and commenced to save
the women. The first woman to be car-
ried out was Miss Gales, of Raleigh, N. C.,
daughter of the late Seaton Gales, about
thirteen years old. Two gentlemen would
take charge of a lady, and together they
could—under the most perilous circum-
stances, the wind blowing a gale and the
waves dashing with the utmost fury
against them—make their way to the bil-
liard-saloon, and then the ladies would
go through to be received at the northern
door by two more gentlemen, who were
up to their waists in water, and thence
they would be taken to terra firma. Near-
ly three-fourths of the guests were either
ladies or children. The children were
nearly all saved by a colored boatman
named James Davis, and Jim tells with
great gusto that Governor Jarvis has
promised that he shall never go to Peni-
tentiary as long as he is Governor. There
is not a relic of the building left, except
the remains of one chimney, and that is
not three feet above the ground.

Ever always enlists the sympathy of the
gentler sex, when they reflect that befo-
re marriage a man never had a chance to play
off another fellow against Adam.

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Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan, we build:

That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In Heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;

But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"I declare," said Lydia Collins, who had taken up the morning paper, "Sidney West has come home." She seemed to be deeply moved, and various were the shades that chased each other over her fair face.

"And has Frank come with him?" asked Nellie, with an eager look and tone. "I don't know anything about Frank," returned Lydia, with a toss of the head that had some contempt in it. "Only the names of those who have brought home money with them are printed. You can look for yourself."

Nellie took the paper, and saw that Sidney T. West had brought home eighty thousand dollars. Below she saw a list of passengers, and in it she found the name of Frank West; but there was no mention made of his having brought home any money.

"Frank has come," she cried, in glad tones.

"Well, suppose he has? Of course you do not mean to renew the old intimacy."

"I should like to see him, at all events," replied Nellie, and then she went on reading the paper.

Lydia and Nellie Collins were sisters; the former being twenty-eight years of age, and the latter six years younger. Their father, who had been at one time quite a flourishing merchant, had been dead a number of years, and the sisters lived with their mother in a fine house and in a fashionable part of the city. Mrs. Collins was naturally a good woman; but fashion had turned her heart somewhat, and she thought more of having her daughters move in select circles than she did of surrounding them with healthful influences. But there was a vast difference between the dispositions of these two daughters. Nellie had been her father's pet, and had drawn from him a fund of sound sense and reason which her sister had failed to obtain, and which did not leave her when her father was taken away. There was a deep current of humanity—of natural, grateful love—underlying her whole nature, and even her scheming, fashionable sister respected her for it, though she probably had no real conception of why this respect was called forth.

It was generally supposed that Mrs. Collins was wealthy. She owned the house in which she lived and it was known that her husband had left her considerable money.

Sidney and Frank West were cousins, and had once been clerks in the employ of Mr. Collins. Three years previous to the opening of our story they went to California to seek their fortunes, and had not returned, as we have seen.

One evening, as Mrs. Collins and her two daughters were alone, Sidney and Frank were announced. They were cheerfully admitted, and warmly welcomed. Sidney was a tall, dashing fellow, five and thirty years of age, dressed in the height of fashion, and flashing with costly jewelry. His cousin was some years younger, and dressed very plainly. Frank was by far the most intelligent, though he lacked "style." In fact, he was rather common-place in his manners and conversation, depending more upon the substance of what he did and said than upon the show he could make. But Sidney blazed and flashed a ray like a pyrotechnic battery, and he was not long in enrapturing Lydia and her mother. Frank and Nellie finally drew together upon one of the *trite-utes*, and there enjoyed a conversation by themselves.

"I must secure that man," said Lydia, after the visitors had gone.

"What," returned her sister with some surprise, "do you mean Sidney West?"

"Indeed I do."

"You cannot do such a thing, Lydia. Are you not engaged to Charles Adams?"

"No—indeed I am not."

"But you have given him every encouragement."

"I may have done so while he was the best match that offered," returned Lydia, with a toss of her head. "But I have been very guarded in my conversation with him. I have made him no promises."

"But," pursued Nellie with a troubled look, "you have given him every encouragement, and I know that he loves you and thinks you mean to be his wife."

"And do you think I would give my hand to a poor clerk, when such a prize as this is within my grasp?" said Lydia, with much warmth.

"You should not call Charles Adams a poor clerk," said Nellie, reproachfully. "He has a salary of two thousand dollars a year and will soon go into business on his own account. You know he has confided to you a statement of all his pecuniary plans and prospects."

"Yes—so he has," retorted the elder sister; and if he ever succeeds in business, it must be some years first, during which time his wife must be helping him save. No, no—none of that for me, while a husband is within my grasp who is already rich."

"I think," spoke Mrs. Collins, at this point, "that Sidney West offers a very desirable match. I think he loves Lydia, and would make her a very good husband."

"I know he used to love me," said Lydia.

"But you returned his love by treating him very coldly," suggested Nellie.

"That was when he was only a poor clerk," returned the proud beauty; "but now that he has returned with the golden fleece of Phryxus, he is quite a different person."

"He will make a very eligible match," pronounced the mother, with much decision. She spoke as though she had made up her mind, and wished to hear no more argument on the point.

"And now let me ask you a question," said Lydia, turning to her sister. "You probably remember that Mr. Frank West used to have a particular regard for you, and I should judge from the clumsy manner in which he deputed himself this evening, that he not only had the same regard now, but that he had some hopes of succeeding in his suit."

"Well," returned Nellie, very quietly. "Would you give him your hand?"

"Perhaps so—if he should ask me for it."

"You would, my child?" interposed Mrs. Collins.

"I should," was Nellie's answer. "That is," she added, "if I found him to be what I think he is."

"But, my daughter," resumed the mother, with some show of concern, "you should reflect upon this. I had hoped that you would give your hand to Edwin Lofton. You know he is wealthy and is very anxious to gain you for a wife while this Frank West is probably poor, and not calculated to rise in the world."

"How do you know he is poor, mother?"

"I learned to-day that only one of the cousins brought home money," Sidney has been shrewdly speculating, and coming gold, while the other was drugging, as he will probably continue to do."

"Well, mother," replied Nellie, after thinking for a moment, "I shall be governed in this by my own sense of what is right and proper. I know that my father always loved Frank, and had much confidence in him, and I will not deny that I love him, even now. With regard to Mr. Lofton, I should never have a husband if he were my only choice. He may be wealthy, but his character is not good. If Frank is poor, I know he is industrious and persevering, and the few thousand dollars which my father left me will enable him to start well in some moderate business."

Mrs. Collins changed color, and seemed to be startled by what her daughter had said; but she soon managed to compose herself, though she did not resume the conversation.

"Egad, Frank, I come on gloriously with my charmer!" cried Sidney West, as the two sat in their room at the hotel. "She has promised to be mine. Only think—she wouldn't even look at me when I went away."

"What could have produced the change, think you?" asked Frank.

"My manners, sir," retorted Sidney, spreading himself with a mock show. "I have captivated her. She is willing to bestow her fortune upon me in consideration of the fine, fashionable husband I shall give her. But I mean to do the handsome thing, Frank; I mean to be steady, and go into business as soon as I am married."

"I hope you will, Sid," returned the younger cousin. "You have talent and ability, and there is no reason why you should not prosper."

"Thank you. But say—how do you come on with Nellie?"

"I have not spoken with her yet—that is, not directly," returned Frank, with some hesitation.

"Pooh! You're safe enough. She loves you—she loved you for years. You'll get a heart, Frank."

"If I get Nellie Collins, I shall get a true and loving wife, I am sure."

"Of course you will."

As Sidney thus spoke he looked at his watch, and then arose and went out. In a little while Frank followed his example, and wended his way toward Mrs. Collins's. He found Nellie at home and went in to spend the evening. They conversed upon various matters, until quite late, and then Frank approached the subject that lay nearest his heart. He told Nellie that he could not bear the suspense longer. He said he loved her as he had never loved another—he had loved her a long time—and if she would be his wife he would love her always.

Nellie trembled, and it was some moments ere she answered. But finally she looked up and said, with a warm, generous frankness:

"I must answer you plainly, for my own happiness is as much at stake as yours. Had you asked me this question a week ago, I should have had no hesitation in giving my answer. But I am not situated now as I then supposed I was."

"Nellie," cried the lover, as his companion hesitated, "what do you mean? You surely love me. Oh—you cannot have given to an—"

"Stop, Frank," interposed the maiden with a sudden start, "you misunderstand me. I must tell you the truth—I must confide to you a secret which I at first resolved never to divulge. I only knew it three days ago. You knew that my father left some property?"

"I did."

"And that some few thousand dollars were left for each of his children?"

"I had supposed so."

"Well—in an untoward moment my mother, who had the use of it all, was led into a speculation by which everything was lost. It all appeared fair and sure to her, and she ran the risk with the firm belief that she should almost double the property. She lost it all; but she was not to blame. I am sorry, for her sake, that she suffered much."

"And what of this?" asked Frank, after waiting awhile to see if she would say any more.

"Why, it leaves me penniless," returned Nellie.

"So much the better," cried the youth, seizing the fair girl by the hand, "for now I can claim you on the ground of love alone. I have already made arrangements for going into business, and I am sure of income enough to support us comfortably. Now will you be my wife?"

When Frank West went home that night he was as happy as mortal can be. His plans for life were all laid, and he had placed all the scenes of his future in a warm sunlight.

"Then you have really consented to become his wife?" said Lydia, after Nellie had told her the result of the interview of the preceding evening.

"Yes, sister, I have."

"And I think you have done a very foolish thing, Nellie. Since you have discovered that your money was all lost we had hoped you would look out for a more becoming match."

"Since I have discovered it," returned Nellie, with marked emphasis. "What do you mean? Did you know it before?"

"Yes, I knew it two years ago."

"And never told me?"

"Of course not."

"But, Lydia, why should you have kept such an important matter from me?"

"Because," answered the elder sister, "we feared you would be too honest to keep it to yourself. It might have made a vast difference in our prospects, whether we had \$10,000 each, or had nothing. We hoped to see you marry with a wealthy husband, and you wouldn't have missed the money you had lost."

"And do you think this was right?" asked Nellie with a look of concern. "It is deception, and can only lead to evil."

"There you go," exclaimed Lydia.

"Just as I supposed. You will never succeed in playing the game of life. You will show your hand at every start."

"I have no wish to make a game of my life," said Nellie, with deep feeling, "and those who do so are full as apt to lose as they are to win. I had much rather take life, with all its duties and responsibilities as a solemn fact, and try to live it justly and honorably."

"That's poetical, I must confess—though rather of the psalm-tune order," replied Lydia. "But give me the game, especially when I hold the chances in my own hand. I have played and won."

"But you told Sidney that you had no money?"

"Indeed, I did not do any such thing. He has money enough of his own. Did you tell Frank?"

"Of course I did."

"Mercy on me—what a paragon you have become!"

Nellie turned away, sad and sorrowful, for she feared that evil would come of all this.

Sidney West and Lydia Collins were married, and for a while the husband resided at the house of his mother-in-law.

One afternoon, about a month after the first marriage, Nellie gave her hand to Frank. The ceremony had been performed, and the guests had departed, when the happy bridegroom asked his bride to accompany him to his home.

"But," said Nellie in surprise, "I did not know that you had taken a house."

"Certainly I have, my sweet wife, I would not have a bird like this wit out a cage to keep her in. Yes—come and see it."

After the newly married pair had gone, Mrs. Collins drew Lydia aside and whispered to her:

"My dear, I think you had better speak to Sidney about his business, and also hint to him that we must soon find a new home, or else have the mortgage paid off on this house. You can do it now as well as at any time."

"Won't you do it, mother?"

"No—it is your place to do that."

"But you will be present?"

"Yes; I will do that."

The mother and daughter returned to the parlor, and sat down.

"Sidney, dear," commenced Lydia.

"My love—my life—what?" cried the husband, raising himself to an upright position.

"I want to ask you a question."

"Ask me a hundred."

"It is a very important one, Sidney."

"Ask it love—life—my charmer."

"It is about your business, my dear husband."

"Ah, the very thing I have long been anxious to speak to you about, my angel. I think I ought to go into business soon. I have an excellent opportunity—one of the most liberal offers. For \$12,000 I can buy a quarter of a flourishing concern, and for \$24,000 I can have half of it. It is a splendid offer, I can assure you."

"And do you mean to buy it," asked Mrs. Collins.

"I wish to do so."

"Then of course you will," suggested Lydia.

"Ah—that depends upon circumstances," replied Sidney. "I am willing to put all my energies and business tact against capital, and go it."

"I do not understand you, love."

"Then I must speak plainly," resumed Sidney. "If you will furnish the money, I will do the rest."

"Me furnish the money?" uttered Lydia.

"Yes, angel."

"But—you—have—money?"

"Not enough to pay a month's board, sweet charmer. But I have tact, and—bless me! What's the matter? Have you got a fit?"

"No money!" Groaned Lydia, sinking back upon the sofa, and covering her face with her hands.

"Do not trifle with her feelings, Sidney," interposed the mother. "You are cruel."

"But I have only spoken the truth."

"Did you not bring eighty thousand dollars from California?"

"No."

"Then you have deceived us most cruelly, sir."

"But my wife has money."

"Not a dollar."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am; what little money we had has been swept away by an unfortunate speculation."

"Then, by heavens!" cried Sidney, "I should say that I had been slightly deceived. You know that the impression prevailed that you had money, and you knew that I was aware of the fact that Mr. Collins left over ten thousand dollars to each of his daughters. Why didn't you tell me of this before?"

"Why didn't you tell us that you had no money?" returned Mrs. Collins.

"Simply because I never professed to have any."

"Then what was meant by that account in the paper?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the husband. "You got hold of that, did you? And that accounts for the peculiar warmth of my reception! That, it seems, worked the change that gave me the love I sought. I understand it now. But, upon my word, there was no deception on my part there. When I got ready to start for home, my cousin received a summons to attend to some business which he feared would detain him till the sailing of the next steamer, and as his gold was already on board, and he did not wish to remove it, he placed it under my care, and it was so consigned to the list. But, at the last moment, he finished his business, and was enabled to come with me."

"And Frank is the wealthy one!" gasped Lydia.

"Yes. He deiced and dug, while I speculated; and he made a fortune, while I—didn't."

"Oh! how I have been deceived!" cried the disappointed wife.

"Grossly deceived," added the mother.

Sidney started from his seat, and having walked up and down the floor a few times, he stopped and faced the two women. He was very calm, and the bitter expression which dwelt upon his face gave place to a mocking smile.

"I guess we had better not deal too much in accusations," he said, "for I don't think either of us can claim much charity on that score. We have both of us—perhaps all three of us—played a pretty kind of a game, but it seems we all held losing hands. You were not averse to a little bit of deception for the sake of securing a rich husband; and perhaps I am not free from the same weakness. However, we've made a slight mistake, but the thing's done, and it can't be helped, so we must make the best of it. We had better keep it to ourselves than have it get out. Folks would enjoy it hugely if they knew what a mistake you had made at your game at fortune hunting. All there is about it, we must turn too, now, and work. I am caught, and I will make the best of it; but just let me assure you that I will not submit to any further fault-finding or recrimination."

When Nellie found herself within a comfortable, well-furnished house, and knew that it was her own, and that her husband was wealthy, she sank upon his bosom and wept in her joyful gratitude.

She tried to chide him for having deceived her, but very soon he convinced her that he had not deceived her at all.

"This blissful hour," he cried, "has been my goal for years. Through all the weary seasons of toil I have been sustained by the hope that in the end this fair hand should be mine; and not a joy has my wealth promised me that did not look to you as a sharer in it."

Nellie believed him, and she was happy—happy as she deserved to be—happy as only such pure hearts can be.

Frank went into business, and he hired his cousin Sidney for a bookkeeper, and paid him a good salary. Lydia had come to her senses, and when her mother went to live with Nellie she resolved that she would make the best of the estate which had fallen to her lot, though she will never cease to regret, during the moments when the old thoughts of fashionable life come over her, the slight mistake she made in playing her Game of Life.

To Remove Mildew from Linen.—Rub it over with soap; then scrape fine chalk or whiting and rub on. Lay it in the sun, and wet it from time to time; if not removed, repeat the process. Lemon juice and salt is also good.

Another.—Boil half an hour, add sliced apples, raisins, currants, or lemon peel, with butter, sugar and salt to suit the taste.

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,
GEORGE PEOPLES,
Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in
NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK
IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY
KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES
THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,
Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.
Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.
Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.
Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

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INSTANTLY relieves and permanently cures this loathsome disease in all its varying stages. It possesses the soothing and healing properties of plants, herbs and barks in their essential form, free from every fibrous contamination, and in this respect differs from every other known remedy. In one short year it has found its way from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and wherever known has become the standard remedy for the treatment of Catarrh. The proprietors have been waited upon by gentlemen of national reputation who have been cured by this remedy, and who have, at considerable expense and personal trouble, spread the good news throughout the circles in which they move. When you hear a wealthy gentleman of intelligence and refinement say, "I owe my life to Sanford's Radical Cure," you may feel assured that it is an article of great value, and worthy to be classed among the standard medical specifics of the day.

THE benefit I derive from its daily use is to me incalculable.
HENRY WELLS, of WELLS, FARGO & Co.

IT has cured me after twelve years of interrupted suffering.
GEO. W. BOUGHTON, Waltham, Mass.

I FOLLOWED the directions to the letter and am happy to say I have had a permanent cure.
D. W. GRAY, M. D., Muscatine, Iowa.

I HAVE recommended it to quite a number of my friends, all of whom have expressed to me their high estimate of its value and good effects with them.
WM. BOWEN, 221 Pine St., St. Louis.

AFTER using two bottles I find myself permanently cured. I have since recommended good friends to obtain it, and have seen successful results.
WM. W. ARMSTRONG, 129 Harrison Ave., Boston.

WE have sold SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for nearly one year and can say candidly that we never sold a similar preparation that gave such universal satisfaction. We have yet to learn of the first complaint.
S. J. BALDWIN & Co., Washington, Ind.

THE cure effected in my case by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE was such that it seemed to those who had suffered without relief from any of the usual remedies that it could not be true. I therefore, made affidavit to the fact before J. I. Thomas, Esq., Justice of the Peace, Boston.
GEORGE F. DINSMORE, Druggist, Boston.

Each package of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhalant Tube, and full directions for its use. Price, \$1.00. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada. WELLS & FARGO, Sole Agents and Wholesale Dealers, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

An Electro-Galvanic Battery combined with a highly medicated Strengthening Plaster, forming the best Plaster for pains and aches in the World of Medicine.

A MORBID SWELLING.

Gentlemen.—I sent for one of COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS, and it has been of great benefit in reducing a swelling in my leg that two physicians pronounced Enlargement of the Spleen, and one pronounced it an Ovarian Tumor.
CYNTHIANA, Ind., Mar. 13, 1877.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

Gentlemen.—Enclosed you will find \$2.50, and I wish you would send me another dozen of your COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS. I have used the above plaster on my leg, and it has done me more good than any other plaster I have ever used. I have got along the best they have ever sent me. I will not be that they send me nothing more. I have used your plaster for three years, and I have never been better than I have before in three years.
Yours, &c., J. J. DUNN, 107 E. 1st St., St. Louis.

Price, 25 Cents.

Be careful to call for COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER, and get the genuine article. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada. WELLS & FARGO, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

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Sept. 11, 1874

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The Bill Cole
Is a jolly old soul—
A jolly old soul was he.
And we all must go
To see the mammoth show,
For he lets "the boys" in free.

'Tis now along the highways
The robins gayly flite,
An in the orchard byway
The cabbages take root.

'Tis now the chief musician
'Round the cottage is the wren;
'Tis now the fruition
Of the merry-hearted hen
Wakes joy in the bosom of Ann Maria
Who sells eggs.

A teacher who taught in St. Paul,
One evening went out to a ball,
Then she told the trustees
"I'll do just as I please."
And she lost her position, that's all.
—Syracuse Times.

An infant was born in Nyack,
Whose body was totally black
As a dozen silk hats.
Or a stack of black cats,
And its face was as black as its back.
—Syracuse Times

God bless the girls,
Whose golden curls
Are not what they do seem;
But at the end of day,
On the bureau lay
While their owner sweetly dream.
—Philadelphia Item

In the spring, the female fancy
Lighly turns to thoughts of bonnet,
With a tangle of gimp and ribbons
And a bunch of feathers on it.
—St. Louis Times.

Upward and earthward the baseball wings its
way,
And boy gets stomach-blows while at the play;
The new made grave a stone with these words
shows:
"He failed to catch it—and so out he goes."
—New York Express.

ESCAPED THE ROPE.

The Thrilling Appeal Which Saved a Life.
In a recent case in the Recorder's Court,
Attorney J. W. Donovan told the follow-
ing story, which is, Public Spirit believes,
quite new. It hails from Texas:

One hot day in July, 1860, a herdsman
was moving his cattle to a new rancho
further north, near Helena, Texas, and
passing down the banks of a stream, his
beard became mixed with other cattle
that were grazing in the valley, and some
of them failed to be separated. The next
day about noon a band of a dozen mount-
ed Texan Rangers overtook the herdsman
and demanded their cattle, which they
said were stolen.

It was before the days of law and court-
houses in Texas, and one had better kill
five men than to steal a mule worth five
dollars, and the herdsman knew it. He
tried to explain, but they told him to cut
it short. He offered to turn over all the
cattle not his own, but they laughed at
this proposition, and hinted that they
usually confiscated the whole herd, and
left the thief hanging on a tree as a warn-
ing to others in like cases.

The poor fellow was completely over-
come. They consulted apart a few in-
stants, and then told him if he had any
explanation to make or business to do,
they would allow him ten minutes to do
so, and defend himself.

He turned to the rough faces and com-
menced "How many of you have wives?
Two or three noiked. "How many of
you have children?" They nodded again.

Then I know who I'm talking to, and
you'll hear me." And he continued: "I
never stole any cattle; I have lived in
these parts over three years. I came from
New Hampshire; I failed there in the
fall of '57, during the panic; I have been
saving; I have lived on hard fare; I have
slept on the ground; I have no home here
my family remain East, for I go from
place to place; these clothes I wear are
rough, and I am a hard looking custom-
er; but this is a hard country; days seem
like months to me, and months like years.

married men, you know but that for the
letters from home" here he pulled out
a handful of well-worn envelopes and let-
ters from his wife—"I should get dis-
couraged. I have paid part of my debts.
Here are the receipts," and he unfolded
the letters of acknowledgment.

"I expected to sell out and go home
in November. Here is the Testa-
ment my good mother gave me
me, here is my little girl's picture."
And he kissed it tenderly, and continued:
"Now, men, if you have decided to kill
me for what I am innocent of, send these
home, and send as much as you can from
the cattle when I'm dead. Can't you
send half the value? my family will need
it."

"Hold on, now; stop right thar!" said
a rough ranger. "Now, I say, boys," he
continued, "I say, let him go. Give us
your hand, old boy; that picture and
them letters did the business. You can
go free; but you're lucky, mind ye."

"We'll do more than that," said a man
with a big heart, in Texan garb and
carrying the customary brace of pistols
in his belt; "let's buy his cattle here, and
let him go."

They did; and when the money was
paid over, and the man about to start,
he was too weak to stand. The long
strain of hopes and fears, being away
from home under such trying circum-
stances, the sudden deliverance from
death, had combined to render him
helpless as a child. He sank to the
ground completely overcome. An hour
later, however, he left on horseback for
the nearest stage-route, and, as they
shook hands and bade him good-by,
they looked the happiest band of men
I ever saw.

A nut once saved the life of a German
count. A plot had been laid to murder
him, and the murderer lay hid in his cas-
tle through the day. Before going to
bed he drew some things from his pocket,
and a nut fell on the floor, which he
did not notice. That night the murder-
er entered the bed-room, but stepped on
the nut, which in breaking cracked loud
enough to wake the count, and the mur-

derer fled. Who would say that this was
mere accident? In God's providence
the man might have stepped just beside
the nut or the count might have picked it
up, or he might not have let it fall, or
one of the dozen things might have been;
but we know what was, and this was not
by chance. All things are in God's
hands.

THE FARM AND HOUSE.

To Remove Mildew.—Pour a quart of
boiling water on two ounces of chloride
of lime; then add three quarts of cold
water, and soak the linen in it twelve
hours. This is preferable to any other
recipe that I have ever seen.

French feeders, it is said, find that
feeding the fowls with boiled or steamed
carrots, chopped into small pieces, rap-
idly fattens them and imparts an agreeable
flavor to the flesh, greatly relished by
epicures, and the fowls thus fed sell more
readily than others.

Fricassee Chicken, with Green Corn.
—Cut the green corn from the cob, put
it in the pot, with water enough to cover
it, let it stew until it is nearly done;
then cut up the chicken, put it with the
corn, and let them stew together about
half an hour; put in a few whole grains
of pepper, with a teaspoonful of cream or
milk; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of
flour stirred in a lump of butter; add the
salt last.

How to Choose Eggs.

The selection of fresh eggs at this time
of the year is one of the problems that
puzzle the average housekeeper. A per-
fect test, which may always be relied
upon, will be found in touching with the
tongue the large end of the egg. If the
egg is good there will be a point plainly
felt by the tongue. If it is not there, no
matter how nice the egg looks, it is safe
not to take it."

Choosing Gloves.

At this season, in the closing out sales
of lots of gloves, ladies should exercise
care in their selections, particularly in
lisle threads, which can be tried on be-
fore purchasing, and consequently have
perhaps been tried on a great many times.
What shoppers had better do is to try on
both gloves carefully before purchasing,
and so insure getting good fits and per-
fect gloves. More than once of late the
tantalizing experience has come home to
purchasers that a pair of gloves, looking
in all respects alike, were totally different
in size, and where they failed to try on
both before leaving the counter, found
that only one of the pair could be worn
with comfort or satisfaction.

A Dozen Good Things Worth Knowing.

That salt fish are best and quickest
freshened by soaking in sour milk.
That fresh meat, after beginning to
sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors
in the cool, over night.

That fish may be scaled much easier by
dipping them in water at boiling heat
about a minute.

That ripe tomatoes will remove ink
and other stains from white cloth; also
from the hands.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine in the
boiler with your clothes will aid the
whitening process.

That kerosene will soften boots or
shoes that have been hardened by water,
and render them pliable as new.

That salt will curdle new milk; hence,
in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc.,
the salt should not be added till the dish
is prepared.

That milk which is turned or changed
may be sweetened and rendered fit for use
by stirring in a little soda.

That boiled starch is much improved
by the addition of a little sperm or a lit-
tle salt, or both, or a little gum arabic
dissolved.

That clear boiling water will remove
tea stains and fruit stains. Pour the wa-
ter through the stains and thus prevent
it from spreading over the fabric.

That kerosene will make the tea ket-
tles as bright as new. Saturate a linen
rag and rub with it. It will also remove
stains from clear varnished furniture.

The Hair We Wear.

The South of France and Brittany con-
tribute to the human hair market the
largest amount of the black. Either
each year agents of the Parisian whole-
sale houses go to gather an average crop
of more than two thousand pounds weight.
From one to five frames is about the
usual price of a head of hair. The deal-
ers go provided with ribbons, silks, laces
and jewelry which they often succeed in
exchanging for black or golden tresses.
They attend all the fairs and merry-mak-
ings, and at a Breton fair may be seen a
number of them surrounded by peasant
girls, ready to be sheared like sheep
as they stand in a row one after an-
other with their caps in their hands
ready for the scissors, and their long
hair combed out and falling like a veil
about them. Sometimes it is a man and
sometimes a woman who cuts off the hair,
placing it in a large basket provided for
the occasion, and into which every suc-
cessive crop of hair, tied up in a wisp, is
thrown in by itself. As it is the fashion
in those parts to wear a close cap, which
thoroughly obstructs the view of coils or
braids of hair it can make but little differ-
ence whether they have them or not.
Hence it is said that girls seem to bring
their hair to market as regularly as they
do peas and cabbages and eggs, and that
a peasant girl parts with her hair as read-
ily as the stern uncle in old fashioned
plays parts with his guineas in the
last act. For choice heads of hair, like
choice old pictures or choice old china,
there is no limit in the price they occa-
sionally command.

Oat Meal Lunacies.

Oatmeal Pudding.—Prepare as for por-
ridge. When cold add the yolk of a few

eggs, some sugar, salt and lemon peel,
with the well beaten whites of the eggs;
bake and serve hot with cream and su-
gar, or with canned fruits, raspberries,
etc.

Oatmeal Cakes.—Take one pound oat-
meal, wet it well with warm water and
knead like bread until stiff. Roll out
with a rolling pin about twice the thick-
ness of pie crust, cut into square or round
pieces and bake in a hot oven. They are
delicious hot, with butter or sweet milk,
and will keep a long time in a dry place.
(Wouldn't some salt help them?)

Oatmeal Gems.—Put two cups of meal
to soak in a pint of sour milk for sev-
eral hours. Add two eggs, a tablespoon-
ful of sugar, some salt and half a tea-
spoonful of soda. If sweet milk is used
instead of the sour, substitute baking-
powder for the soda. Bake in a quick
oven.

Oatmeal Porridge.—To three pints of
boiling water add one-half
pound of oatmeal and
one-half teaspoonful of salt. Stir
gently and boil 15 or 20 minutes. Turn
into a dish warm, and eat with sweet
milk, butter or syrup, or sprinkle with a
mixture of sugar and powdered cinnamon.

Oatmeal Pancakes.—Thicken a quart
of sweet milk to a batter, as for any grid-
dle cake. Add two eggs well beaten and
some salt; bake on a well-greased grid-
dle, as usual. They take longer to bake
than any other griddle cake, and should
be well buttered when they are taken off.

Oatmeal Gruel.—boil a quarter of a
pound of oatmeal in two
quarts of water half an hour.
Strain through a sieve, boil ten
minutes more over a slow fire. Sweeten
to taste and flavor with nutmeg, lemon,
cinnamon, etc., as desired.

Another.—Boil half an hour as before.
Add some sweet milk, sugar, salt, and
the yolk of an egg and boil ten minutes
more.

Used to thicken soup, oatmeal is more
palatable and wholesome than fine flour.

Artistic Wives.

OWhat a number of decorative wives
there are in society, especially in that
which assumes to be our best—and it is
all the best! exclaims a writer in the New
York Times. Cheap satirists rail at them;
they are treated in epigrams; they are
lectured, impersonally, for their worth-
lessness. But why should they be? They
please their husband; they perform their
part of the contract; they are the radiant
centre to which all their surroundings
lead, and are toned up. No one can say
that they do not harmonize admirably
with the Turkish rugs, Venetian mirrors,
freestone ceilings, delicately tinted walls,
rosewood tables, handsome pictures,
beautiful vases, and curious bric-a-brac
they are envied by. To all the hus-
band's guests they are most courteous
and gracious. They never speak a word
too much; they never do a superfluous
thing; their moods and manners are mat-
rimonially exact. They move or delight,
but they never offend, and the many who
meet and associate with them are quick
to say that they are charming women—a
social phrase which denotes that their
own self-love respects the self-love of oth-
ers. Every particle of their decorative
duty they discharge; they are social ar-
tists and are perfectly aware where light
is needed and shadow is most effective,
what a shade of color will blend, and
when boldness of handling is required.

The husband of the decorative wife is
usually very good-natured or seems so;
and seeming is all that society asks for.
His material affairs are apt to prosper,
his clothes fit, his dinners are excellent,
his digestion is complete. In these com-
mon prosaic things, it is wonderful how
much of what is called man's happiness
is easily embraced. He is uniformly
polite; he has plenty of self-discipline
and regards it as a part of his religion
never to disturb those who are protected
by his roof. He and she are always on
the best of drawing-room terms, treating
one another as courteously as if they were
not married. They might serve as models
for couples notoriously fond. They have
no lovers' quarrels, they do not display
anger one hour and tenderness the next,
either of which is equally disagreeable.
They preserve a well-bred consideration
and esteem one for the other, and glide
smoothly through apparent difficulties to
graceful conclusions. They demonstrate
the practical value of decorative art cop-
ied from the home into humanity, or
transferred, mayhap, from humanity to
the home.

In this country, decorative wives may
be said to have come in with the latter
half of the present century. They are
foreign rather than native, but, having
become ingrafted on domestic stock,
they flourish as bravely here as beyond
the sea. They may be styled American
on the European plan.

A Difference in Ducks.

A good story is told of the Rev. Myron
W. Reed. While out with a hunting
party several days ago, his comrades in-
sisted upon his cooking the dinner, and
left him in camp for that purpose, some-
what against his wish. A large hawk
alighted in the top of a tree hard by, and
a moment afterwards the sportsman's gun
brought him to the ground. He was an-
cient and tough, and suited admirably
the compulsory cook's purposes. He was
put into the pot with a couple of fine
ducks. The dinner was served, and pro-
nounced excellent, with the simple quali-
fication that it ere seemed to be a "deuced
difference in those ducks." But the in-
nocent-looking cook held his peace, and
made his own selections, and ducks and
hawk quickly disappeared from the table.
"Did you tell them about it?" Asked he
who heard the story. "Tell them!" an-
swered the reverend gentleman, with an
emphatic shrug; "they'd have drowned
me."

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood & Gives Strength.

Dr. QUINN, ILL., Jan. 21, 1878.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—Your "Vegetine" has been doing
wonders for me. Have been having the *Chills*
and *Fever*, contracted in the swamps of the
South, nothing giving me relief until I began
the use of your Vegetine, it giving me im-
mediate relief, toning my system, purifying my
blood, giving strength; whereas all other medi-
cines weakened me, and filled my system with
poison; and I am satisfied that if families that
live in the malarious districts of the South and West
would take Vegetine two or three times a
week, they would not be troubled with the
"Chills" or the malignant *Fever* that prevail
at certain times of the year, save doctors' bills
and live to a good old age. Respectfully
yours,
J. E. MITCHELL,
Agent Henderson's Looms, St. Louis, Mo.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. If VEGETINE
will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure
such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect
health after trying different physicians, many
remedies suffering for years, is it not conclu-
sive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be
cured? Why is this medicine performing such
great cures? It works in the blood, in the cir-
culating fluid. It can truly be called the *Great
Blood Purifier*. The great source of disease
originates in the blood; and no medicine that
does not act directly upon it, to purify and
renovate, has any just claim upon public at-
tention.

VEGETINE

Has Entirely Cured Me of Vertigo.

CAIRO, ILL., Jan. 23, 1878.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—I have used several bottles of
"VEGETINE"; it has entirely cured me of *Ver-
tigo*. I have also used it for *Kidney Complaint*.
It is the best medicine for kidney complaint.
I would recommend it as a good blood puri-
fier.
N. YOCUM.

PAIN AND DISEASE. Can we expect to en-
joy good health when bad or corrupt humors
circulate with the blood, causing pain and dis-
ease; and these humors, being deposited
through the entire body, produce pimples,
eruptions, ulcers, indigestion, costiveness,
headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and num-
erous other complaints? Remove the cause by
taking VEGETINE, the most reliable remedy
for cleansing and purifying the blood.

VEGETINE

I Believe it to be a Good Medicine.

KENIA, O., March 1, 1877.

Mr. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—I wish to inform you what your
Vegetine has done for me. I have been afflicted
with *Neuralgia*, and after using three bot-
tles of the Vegetine was entirely relieved. I
also found my general health greatly improv-
ed. I believe it to be a good medicine.
Yours truly,
FRED HARVESTICK.

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind
of humor, and restores the entire system to a
healthy condition.

VEGETINE

Druggist's Report.

H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—We have been selling your "Veg-
etine" for the past eighteen months, and we
take pleasure in stating that in every case, to
our knowledge, it has given great satisfaction.
Respectfully,
BUCK & COWGILL,
Druggists, Hickman, Ky.

VEGETINE

IS THE BEST

Spring Medicine.

VEGETINE,

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GEO. C. GIBBS & CO.,

PIONEER

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP

Corner Third and Thayer Streets,

BISMARCK, D. T.

None but the best of workmen employed,
and we challenge competition.

EMER N. COREY,

U.S. Commissioner,

JUDGE OF PROBATE,

AND

CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT.

Office one door below Tribune Block,
my31v7n6

EMANUEL C. BROHLM,

BOOTS and SHOES,

Fourth St., opposite Bismarck Hotel.

Fine Custom Work made to Order

in all the latest styles and warranted. Use the
best of stock in all custom work. A specialty
made of

NEAT REPAIRING.

My motto is "Good Work at fair prices." 12m1
BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN MASON,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND
BILLIARDS,

AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN.
Headquarters for Army and Missouri River
People.

St. Paul Business Directory.

(J. L. Perkins, Maurice Lyons.)
PERKINS, LYONS & CO.—Importers and
Dealers in Fine Wines, and Liquors, Old
Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines
and Brandies, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London
Porter. No. 94 East Third Street, St. Paul,
Minn.

KAIG & LARKIN—Importers and Dealers in
Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps,
Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods.
East Third Street St. Paul, Minn.

CAMPBELL, BURKANK & CO.—Manufactur-
ers and Jobbers of Clothing and Gents' Fur-
nishing Goods, No. 89 East Third Street, St. Paul
Minnesota.

ISAACS—Manufacturer and Jobber in Cigars
L. 53 Jackson Street, opposite Auerbach, Finck
Culbertson & Co., St. Paul, Minn.

MINNEAPOLIS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CLARK HOUSE—Corner Fourth Street and
Hennepin Ave., two blocks from the Aca-
demy of Music. Only first class Two Dollar House.
New, Elegantly furnished, and situated in the
finest portion of the City.

JOHN C. OSWALD,

Wholesale Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS &
CIGARS.

No. 17 Washington Av., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

E. L. Strauss & Bro.,

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

John P. Hoagland,

Carpenter and Builder,

Fifth St. Near Custer Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.

Contracting and Building of every nature.
Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

CHICAGO,
Milwaukee & St. Paul

RAILWAY
MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS
AT ST. PAUL, WITH

St. Paul & Pacific R. R.

—FOR—

WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, OWA-
TONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN,
McGREGOR, MADISON,

Milwaukee, Chicago,

And all Intermediate Points in
Minnesota, Wisconsin & Northern Iowa

New York,

Philadelphia,

Baltimore,

Washington,

New England, the Canadas, and all

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.

2 ROUTES.

—AND—

3 DAILY TRAINS

Between

Chicago and St. Paul

and Minneapolis.

The Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Rail-
way is the only North-western Line connecting
in same depot in Chicago with any of the Great
Eastern and Southern Railways, and is the
most convenient, located with reference to
reach any Depot, Hotel or place of business
in that City.

Through Tickets and Through Baggage

Checks to all Principal Cities.

Steel Rail Track, thoroughly ballasted, free

from dust. Westinghouse Improved Automatic

Air Brake, Miller's Safety Platform and Coupl-

ings on all Passenger Cars.

The Finest Day Coaches and Palace Sleeping

Cars.

This Road connects more Business Centres,

Health and Pleasure Resorts, and passes

through a finer country, with grander scenery,

than any other North-western Line.

A. V. H. CARPENTER,

Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent

LOCAL LEVIES.

Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Rounds About the City.

Geo. P. Flannery is in St. Paul on business.

Wm. Pye's 4th of July potatoes are very fine.

There is a telephone between Fargo and Moorhead.

The coal banks above Stevenson are burning up.

Conductor Law has located with his family in St. Paul.

A. W. Edwards' financial interest in the Fargo Republican has ceased.

Ludwig's new store, in the Malloy block, is arranged very nicely.

General Manager Sargent and Supt. Towne are on the west side to-day.

The Lake City Leader publishes two columns on Bismarck. It is a just tribute to the coming city.

W. J. Ives, the butter man, is in town. He is not losing anything by the rise in the Deadwood market.

A palace car of rich sportsmen from Chicago and N. Y. came in yesterday and returned this morning.

The seventeen hundred head of Montana cattle have arrived and will be loaded in Mandan for Chicago.

H. M. Mixer has again taken hold the lines at his old stand on 4th St. As a blacksmith Mr. Mixer is hard to beat.

N. B. Perkins, of Mich., has bought the human tradership at Standing Rock from John Thompson, of Dubuque.

Ed Sloan raised some of the finest potatoes ever seen in this country. He had 150 bushel baskets full on eight lots. Who can beat it?

The Northwestern telegraph company's office in Bismarck did a business of \$2,000 for September. That means twenty thousand for the year.

The first trestle bridge over Apple Creek, five miles east of Bismarck, was burned Sunday night by prairie fire but the trains were not delayed.

The youngest Vincent (not named on the list) lost heavily by the Deadwood fire. About fifty dresses (mostly long) helped to swell the fury of the blaze.

The first building put up in Deadwood after the fire was a paint shop, and the second a lawyer's office. Thus do white-wash and soap go hand-in-hand.

Mr. Thos. Weira has opened up the blacksmith shop, formerly run by Daniel Newell, on 5th St., where he hopes to see all his old friends and as many new ones.

James Bellows, the contractor, was arrested on Tuesday and locked up for a minute on the complaint that he had been obtaining labor and property under false pretenses. He waived an examination and gave bail in the sum of \$300.

It was not Dr. H. G. Newport's mare (killed) for which \$30,000 has been paid. The owner's stable will not be complete, however, until "Jalap" has been added to his list of celebrated trotters.—P.S.—Jalap is dead; fell into a ditch.

M. P. Clancy has a farm in Dakota County, Minn., that gets away with every other farm in that vicinity. He raised this season 1,200 bushels of wheat, 600 bushels of oats and 200 bushels of potatoes. The latter yielding over 200 bushels to the acre.

People are apt to forget that Bismarck cross streets are well occupied with business houses. John Boyle, 33 N. 4th St., carries a very full line of groceries, provisions, etc., having one of the finest stocks in town. He has a good trade, is one of the early settlers of Bismarck and deserves success.

The River.

The Gen. Tompkins, loaded with Benson line freight for Cow Island, left yesterday morning.

The Helena is nearly repaired and ready for business.

C. K. Peck has purchased the General Terry.

The Peninah is almost ready for work again.

The Eclipse 51 days has not yet passed Buford, and the Col. MacLeod, which left Buford on the 20th of Sept., had not reached Buford last night. The Big Horn, Josephine, B. and Rose Bad, Butte and Bachelor are above Buford, while the Gen. Sherman is below Buford on her way to Coat Banks.

The Key West is now due at this place from Yankton.

The Western, Black Hills and Far West are running between Yankton and the lower agencies.

The Danforth is loading at St. Louis under the auspices of the Anchor Line for New Orleans.

The Missouri will enter the St. Louis and New Orleans trade.

The steamer Beaton will leave for Cow Island about the 10th.

A Bargain.

The stock, fixtures and good will of the Head quarters saloon, corner of Main and Second streets, will be sold cheap for cash. Apply on the premises.

C. A. KROUSE.

Fifty Doz. Ladies' and Misses' Arctic Snow Excluders at W. B. Watson's.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all indebted to this firm will be required to make immediate settlement as we intend closing out our stock and leaving the country, and those to whom we are indebted are requested to present their bills for settlement.

HALETT & KEATINGE.

Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 1, 1879.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the business of D. L. Bailey & Co., of Bismarck, D. T., has been disposed of to J. A. Emmons. Persons owing the firm or having claims against the same will confer with the subscriber.

J. B. BAILEY.

Bismarck, D. T., October 2, 1879.

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.

M. P. SLATTERY.

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

W. B. WATSON,
DRY GOODS,
AND
NOTIONS.
98 MAIN STREET.
McLEAN & MACNIDER,
Wholesale
Grocers.

Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Peasley's Ale and Porter.
Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.
W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

Druggist and Fancy Goods,
BISMARCK, D. T.

MONTANA MARKET,
Corner Second and Main Streets.
JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,
DEALERS IN
FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,
POULTRY, GAME,
Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and
Canned Goods.
Special Attention given to the Steam-boat Trade.

ASA FISHER,
Wholesale Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.

Sole Agent for Val Blatz' Milwaukee Premium Export Lager Beer.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that after twenty days at the first general meeting of the board of county commissioners of Burleigh County, application will be made to said board for the laying out of a public highway from the southeast corner of Block Four, Town 128, Range 80 in a direct easterly direction upon section 10 to 17th siding so called.

Bismarck, October 2d, 1879.

STOTELL & BALL, for petitioners.

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Geo. Oberne, Established 1868, H. M. Hosick, Chicago, Des Moines, Ia.
CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE.
CASH PAID FOR
Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow.
Oberne, Hosick & Co.,
BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA.
Main House 131, 133 & 135 Kinzie St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Houses:
Omaha, Neb., 100 Main St.
Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St.
Cheyenne, Wyo., 17th
Des Moines Iowa, Walnut & Second Sts.
Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St.
Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.
Bismarck, Dakota.
Pueblo, Colorado.

ARTHUR W. DRIGGS,
HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE
PAINTING,
West Main Street.
Particular Attention paid to
FINE CARRIAGE PAINTING.
Rates Low.

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1879 **FALL** 1879
SIG HANAUER,
Proprietor of the well known
ST. PAUL BRANCH
CLOTHING HOUSE,
has just returned from the Eastern markets with one of the
Largest and Finest Stocks of Goods
Ever shown to the public of this Western country.
My Stock consists of
Fine Dress Suits,
Fine Walking Suits,
Fine Working Men's Suits,
Fine Business Suits.

YOUTHS', BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
In an Endless Variety, especially for children from 3 to 6 years.

OVER COATS.
MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S.
EVERY ONE NEW AND DESIRABLE GOODS FOR
FALL AND WINTER.
I would respectfully call the attention of Messengers and Freighters to a

Buffalo Over Coat
made especially for my trade.
COME AND SEE IT AND YOU WILL BUY ONE.
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.
My stock is far superior to anything ever exhibited here, and it is very doubtful if you can look at a better and well selected stock in the Eastern cities.

HATS AND CAPS.
My stock resembles a city hat store.
COME AND SEE ALL THE NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON,
and get one of these Nobby Hats made to order

BOOTS AND SHOES
For Gentlemen and Boys.
My assortment is full in all grades of the best manufacturers.

TRUNKS AND VALISES.
You can find an immense line to select from at Eastern prices.

And now it gives me pleasure to announce that I have, on my recent trip east, procured the agency for the
Largest and most Fashionable Merchant Tailoring House
in Chicago, and have now on exhibition an immense line of Samples of Piece Goods of the

Latest and Finest Designs,
And will take orders for Over Coats, Dress and Business Suits, Pants, Vests, Etc., guaranteeing a perfect fit, and superior workmanship, excelling garments delivered by our Traveling Merchant Tailors, at prices at least

25 Per Cent. Less than those of any other House.
One single trial of any garment ordered by me will, I am confident, establish my claim and make the traveling merchant tailors reputation gone.

Having sold down my summer stock of clothing so low, I dare say that no larger and better stock in

Suits and Over Coats
can be found than in my store. Therefore
CALL ON ME WITHOUT FAIL AND GOODS WILL BE SHOWN CHEERFULLY
Whether you buy or not. Come one and all to

SIG HANAUER,
St. Paul Branch Clothing House, 46 Main Street, opposite Postoffice.
THOS. H. JONES, Salesman.